

The Bethel Courier.

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The Bethel Courier.

JAMES NUTTING, Proprietor.

Printed every FRIDAY MORNING, at the Bethel Press, No. 10 State Street, Bethel, Me.

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History of Bethel.

CHAPTER XXIX.

After the Indians had left with their captives, there was the greatest consternation among the inhabitants.

Capt. Twichell had escaped and hid beneath a log over which the Indians had passed. There he remained concealed all night. Lines Clark's wife fled to the woods and lay concealed not far from Capt. Twichell, but unconscious of each other's presence.

In the morning Capt. Twichell, cautiously crept out of his hiding place, which was not far from the Railroad Bridge over the Mill Brook, and passed through the woods within sight of his house by the grist mill.

Not knowing what might have been the fate of his family, he stopped at a distance, when he was spied by one of the inmates who were watching for the Indians. His family consisting of his wife and children, and some young men, had passed the night in the greatest anxiety. Mrs. Rowe now living in Gilead was one of the children.

They fancied that the Indians were concealed in the mill near by, ready to shoot them, should they appear out of the house. But as soon as Capt. Twichell, gave them the true state of affairs, John Grover, started off for Fryeburg on his own responsibility, while soon after, Capt. T. sent a messenger on horseback. But Grover arrived first on foot.

Nobly did the gallant little settler respond to the call. The messenger arrived at Fryeburg a little past noon; immediately two men mounted their horses, and, proceeding up both banks of the Saco, summoned all the men, with their guns, to repair at once to the house of one Nathaniel Walker. Quickly they assembled, and learned from the messenger the terrible fate which seemed pending over their neighbors. When the call was made for volunteers to march at once to their assistance, thirty brave men stepped forward—thirty brave men, but in no condition to undertake such an expedition. Many of them were barefooted, some bareheaded, and a few nearly as destitute of clothing as the foe they designed to encounter. Before daylight, however, the thirty men were all armed and equipped, and comfortably prepared for the march. In long Indian file they marched, followed by the commander, Stephen Farrington, on horseback. Nathaniel Walker, junior officer of the expedition, himself on horseback, brought up the rear of the long file. Just after dark they forded the Saco, some two miles above the village, and hiding among the trees, struck out into the wilderness. As the sun rose over Bethel Hill the following morning, they reached the house of Capt. Twichell. Sabatis had already discovered the Indian trail. Stopping but a few moments at Capt. Twichell's for food, they immediately commenced their pursuit of the savages.

The Indians had the start of them more than twelve hours; how they had employed those hours may be learned from Sagar's Narrative.

By the aid of Sabatis, who could track them where the whites could see no traces whatever, the party followed the Indians, till, coming to a rocky hill, even old Sabatis was at fault. "We find em quick," said the Indian, and struck round the hill. Here they met Clark, whom the Indians had permitted to return, on condition that he should stop any party of whites who might pursue them, by representing the determination of the Indians to kill the prisoners as soon as they should find any party in pursuit.

But the men would not be persuaded. "Their blood was up, and, though Clark told them they could not touch the Indians till every prisoner was slain, they would not yield."

The party, old Sabatis having taken the trail, pushed on. They

Selected Tale.

THE TRAITOR'S CHILD.

By ANNEA.

The energies of the American army stationed at Fort Washington after their evacuation of New York, were fully taxed to repel the many sorties made by the enemy against them. It required a constant and careful watch upon the part of the commander-in-chief to prevent a surprise, and the more surely to effect this, a system of observation was maintained along the road, so that information passed from point to point, was sure to reach the camp ere the British could carry out their designs.

The majority of persons living on the line from the city to Kingsbridge, gladly sided in this plan of police, and thus rendered essential service to the cause. One of this number, however, a Mr. Jennings, at last took umbrage from some order of Washington or his subordinate, and with a reprehensible cunning, he determined to abandon the Americans, and serve the interests of the foe. So secretly were these plans concocted and carried out, that no one outside of his own family suspected his disaffection.

The British General accepted the offered services, and pledged himself to pay largely for them. It was proposed that a number of his troops should march as far as his neighbors, who would of course, communicate their movements to Jennings, who in his turn, instead of passing the warning, was to conceal the forces until reinforcements could arrive, and a formidable demonstration could be made against the fort.

"And for this service, in any event you shall have a thousand pounds," said the British general to the traitor.

"Should it eventuate in the entire overthrow of the rebels, the sum shall be freely bestowed. You are certain that you have confided the matter to no one?"

"Not a soul, save those of my own family know of it," said Jennings.

"Of whom does your family consist?"

"My wife, who is invalid, and an only daughter."

"How are they affected by your change?"

"I know not, nor do I care. But of course they will follow my wishes, which have ever been law to them. My daughter is the only one who would think of a difference of opinion and even she would never dare to give it expression."

"I have heard that the majority of your American females have imbibed a sort of romantic attachment to George Washington, which might lead them to sympathy with him, but of course you are sure of your child, and can answer for her."

"With my life."

"Suppose you allow me to invite her here. It would be a safe thing, and at the same time remove her from suspicion of collusion, should you be discovered."

"I cannot part with her, sir. She has sided me heretofore and as do so again. She is very obedient, so we need not fear her."

"Enough! Manage the matter yourself. I am content. Now for our plans. To-morrow at dusk a company of Captain Trevor's command will be put in motion, and arrive about midnight at your house. You will conceal them and await the others. When they are all gathered, I will guard them to the attack. The rebels being off their guard will fall an easy prey."

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For the Courier.

Selections From Lina's Scrap Book.

"O the irrepressible yearnings for a buried friend! For the well remembered footsteps that always sent a thrill of pleasure to our bosom; for the eyes into which we were wont to look and read the soul; for the voice that was ever sweet and music to our hearts, whose echoes ever and anon make up and thrill us with the old familiar strain, yet, grow fainter as we listen, till they die away; for the pressure of the hand as we remember it well as we feel it oft again in our dreams."

"O, if there were no better land where are to be gathered again, the links of love's disordered chain, who could bear this heart sickness for which earth has no remedy?"

"It is true, there are clouds as well as sunshine, shadows as well as lights, thorns as well as roses, but much happiness after all."

"Look not mournfully into the past it comes not back again. Wisely improve the present it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart."

LONGFELLOW.

"Some may destroy the canvas on which the painter has bestowed his labors, the marbles of the sculptor may crumble to dust, but woman works on a substance that is impressed with the seal of immortality."

WHEELER.

YOUNG MAN, ATTENTION.—Young man, a word. We want to tell you when you should take your hat and be off.—And mind what we offer. It is—

When you are asked to take a drink. When you find yourself in doubtful company.

When you discover that your expenses run ahead of your income.

When you think you are a great deal wiser than older and more experienced people than yourself.

When you feel like getting trusted for a new suit of clothes, when you haven't money to pay for them.

When you don't perform your duty, your whole duty, and nothing but your duty.

S & JEWELRY.
ABBOTT
of Boston.
d from Boston with
New Stock of
S, CLOCKS
Jewelry.
KINDS
and PLATED
& Butter Knives,
Steel and Plated
FACLES,
with a good assort-
GOODS,
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SCISSORS.
RS, GOLD
STEEL PENS,
EFUMERY,
HAIR OIL,
CKET KNIVES,
LIN STRINGS,
NG TACKLE,
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Watch and Clocks, and
all kinds of Jewelry
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SHE REPRESENTS.
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on Short Notice, 26
June 19, 1859. 26
LARRABEE,
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ed Manufacture,
ed Picture Frames,
all Patterns, Supplies
d Oriental Paintings,
Standard ty 20
T MUSIC,
M. Portland, Me.
CARRIAGES!!
and Buy!
M & MEAD,
large assortment of Car-
side spring Buggies,
Wigs and Saddles.
For one or two Seats
of different kinds, all of
very cheap for cash or ap-
proval of Carriages & Sleighs
Warranted.
Is a CALL!
T. E. Mead,
15. 1859. 6m77
ok, Job & Card
Office,
L. BETHEL, ME.
CIRCULARS
AND
IMPROVEMENTS
PS, SHOP BILLS,
Business,
Wedding Cards,
for and on the most reason-
good assortment of ma-
PRINTING,
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small or express promptly
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condition, and is
ABBOTT.
Abbott's Mills, Letter B.

FOREIGN NEWS.



ARRIVAL OF THE ITALIAN.
The steamship.

PARTELLA POINT, July 17.—The Canadian steamship *Indian*, from Liverpool, arrived here at 3 o'clock this afternoon, en route to Quebec.

The correspondent of the *London Herald* says, so little did the French expect a battle that on the previous night a message from the king, asking support if he should be attacked, was met with a refusal on the ground that an attack of the Austrians was not probable. At daybreak, however, the corps of D'Almeida came in sight of Solferino, and was immediately set upon by a large Austrian force, which rushed down the hill and fought with the greatest fury. The Marshall resisted to the best of his power, and sent off aid-de-camp after aid-de-camp for support; but it was not before three hours of frightful carnage that the corps of Gen. Niel made its appearance. The Austrians were slowly driven back, and every now and then there was a panic, and the French continued to gain ground—battles of their own and the enemy's corpses marking the fluctuations of the fight. The Austrians were thus slowly driven out of Solferino; but all of a sudden they made a tremendous rush forward, and the French were driven down the hill. Admirably supported, however, by their artillery, they made a stand, and commenced once more to advance. It was like a hail-storm of bullets and balls, and whole piles were mowed down by a single discharge. Meanwhile, at the right and left wings, the Austrians were getting decidedly the best of it. The Piedmontese were slowly driven back. Gen. Canrobert's corps was also heavily punished, and had there been a skilful general in the Austrian army, to collect and concentrate their forces against the weak point of the enemy's line, matters would have had a very different aspect. The French commander to whom the credit of the day is entirely due, whether it be Niel, McMahon or the Emperor, sent forward the imperial guard and a strong division of infantry of the line against the Austrian centre, and succeeded for a time in breaking it. Instead of bringing up their forces to repel this formidable attack, the supporters were sent to the left and right wings, which did not need them.

Desperate attempts were made to recapture Solferino, but the French stoutly held it, and the battle began to assume a general retreat. An attempt was made by the cavalry to pursue them, which led to an encounter between the French chasseurs and Austrian hussars, in which the former were rapidly put to flight.

It is stated that not a single Hungarian regiment was allowed to take part in the battle, and that the Italian regiments had all been previously sent to Tyrol.

20,000 corpses are said to have been buried, and many were yet lying in the ditches and cornfields.

THE FURIES AT SOLFERINO.—The battle of Solferino is truly called "the great battle," even of the century. The forces engaged on both sides could not have been less than 250,000—and were probably nearer 300,000. Compared with such a mass of combatants, some of the most celebrated battles of the century appear like skirmishes, in point of number. Thus, at the famous battle of Marengo, the French force was 22,000 and the Austrian 40,000. At Austerlitz, the French numbered 70,000, while the Russians and Austrians had 90,000—all together being but ten thousand more than the Austrian strength alone at Solferino. We have seen nearer in the magnitude of forces engaged, having reckoned 130,000 French and somewhat over 100,000 Austrians. At Waterloo, there were 75,000 French, and 110,000 allied opponents. Not more than 15,000, on both sides, were in the battle of New Orleans. At Buena Vista, Gen. Taylor, with 4900 American, routed Santa Anna's 19,000 Mexicans. At Inkerman, in the Crimea, the allied French and English numbered 13,000, and the Russians 46,000.

KOSSUTH IN ITALY.—Kossuth having arrived on the 22d June at Genoa, proceeded on the next day to Turin. At every station on the road crowds of Italians assembled to cheer him. After two long interviews with Cavour at Turin, Kossuth, in company with a confidential friend of the Sardinian minister, set out for Parma, the headquarters of Prince Napoleon. The scene of enthusiasm was witnessed at Piacenza; his carriage was

drawn by the people. At Parma he had an interview with Prince Napoleon. On the 28th, Kossuth set out for the headquarters of the Emperor Napoleon, provided with letters of introduction and Prince Napoleon to the Emperor.

PARTELLA POINT, July 17.—The *New York Journal of Commerce* thus sketches the character and achievements of the last two kings of Sardinia:—

"No monarch in Europe was more abused by the London *Times* and other newspapers, than Charles Albert. The country, when he ascended the throne, was one of the most priest-ridden of all the States of Italy. For years, the king could hardly consider his soul his own, so completely was he under the yoke of the Jesuits. But Charles Albert was a man of good heart and good intentions. This was ever the testimony which the Waldenses bore to his character, and they knew him well. He had been educated at a Protestant school in Geneva, in Switzerland—placed there by his family before they were driven from the continent by Bonaparte in 1806. Whilst at that school he often told his fellow students that if he became King of Sardinia, which was quite possible, he would give his country a constitution. Some years after he had become King, two gentlemen of Geneva, who had been his fellow-students, visited Turin, and were received very kindly by him. After dinner, he made them retire with him to his cabinet, where they all sat a long time smoking their cigars and talking of their school-boy days. At last one of the gentlemen reminded him of his promise. 'Don't speak of that,' said he, 'for I am just nobody here.' But he intimated that he was not without hope that the day would come when he might fulfill that promise, and fulfill it he did, and that most nobly.

His son, when he ascended the throne, had a task of no small difficulty to perform. Peace must be made with Austria, and that powerful neighbor must be conciliated. This was effected by the aid of France and England, Sardinia paying down the sum of \$15,000,000 to indemnify Austria! Next, the country had to be reorganized, and the industry of the people encouraged and properly directed. But the young monarch took hold of the work with a strong hand, wisely advised by his excellent younger brother, who was his mentor for several years, until death removed him, to the great grief of the nation as well as of the King. Surrounded by able ministers, among whom Count Cavour and the Marquis d'Azeglio stand preeminent, Victor Emmanuel has accomplished wonders. In ten years that kingdom has made amazing progress in both its material and moral interests. The whole country almost is covered over with network of railroads, of which the one from Genoa, via Novi and Alessandria, to Turin (some 120 miles long) and that from Turin, via Vercelli and Novara, to the *Buffalora* Bridge on the Ticino, (whence the Austrians have continued it, via Magenta, to Milan,) and the one from Turin up to Suez at the eastern foot of Mount Canis, have been of the greatest utility in the present war.

An admirable system of public schools has been established, and the children of the poorest as well as of the richest are now becoming well educated. The four Universities have been greatly improved. The press is free, and the newspapers of Turin and Genoa are now among the best-conducted journals in Europe, and their extensive circulation outside of the Kingdom of Sardinia has probably provoked the despots of Italy more than any other thing. Above all, religious liberty has been established and maintained. The Waldenses, who are 23,000 in number, now have all their rights, and, aided by Protestants of other countries, they are circulating the Bible and religious books and tracts, in the Italian and French languages, and Protestant places of worship have been opened in Turin, Genoa, Nice, Pineroli, Alessandria, Aosta, Novi and many other places. It may well be supposed that the Pope and the Hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church in Sardinia have not been well pleased with all this. In fact, the government has had to expel two of the four Archbishops of the Kingdom (those of Turin and Cagliari), and has been compelled to lay its hands on the landed property of the church, as the governments of France and Spain have done. The consequence has been that the Sardinian and Papal governments have had no cordial relation with each other for years. In fact, his Holiness issued some years ago a sort of bull of excommunication against the Sardinian government. But the days of Hildebrand have long since passed away, and the bull in question was but a *brutum fulmen*, which has done no harm at all."

The Bethel Courier.

BETHEL, FRIDAY, JULY 22, 1859.

Dissolution of Copartnership.

The Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of *SMITH & NUTTING*, in the day directed by mutual consent. All debts due the said partnership are to be received by James Nutting, and all demands on said partnership are to be presented to him for payment.

FRANK SMITH, JAMES NUTTING.

Bethel, July 9, 1859.

LOCAL SKETCHES—No. VIII.

A most delightful ride, may be enjoyed by crossing the ferry and following down the River, to Newry Corner, and ascending Bear River, some 8 or ten miles. The river is lined with neatly cultivated intervals farms. In fact, we had not the remotest idea that there was so much good land on that river. Eleven miles from Bethel Hill brings you to Poplar Tavern, where every thing that a woman can make shoo, is kept so here. Passing on to Fanning's Mill, you are at Screw Auger Falls. Here is a channel but a few feet wide cut down through the solid rock the depth of 45 feet. It is a curious looking scene. Descend within the mill and there you see a head of water 40 feet or more, carrying a small wheel of a few inches in diameter which propels the machinery in the saw mill. Cross over to the other side of the stream on the fall and everything looks wild and romantic.

About half a mile above the mill is a singular passage-way in the river known as the *Jail*, which should be examined.

The mountain scenery on both sides and in front is among the boldest in the State. Saddleback, Goose Eye and other peaks are near by and look frowningly upon the traveller.

This is the route to Umbagog Lake. Tourists may pass by all of these in Marvill's Stage, from Bethel Hill to Errol N. H., or with a private carriage you may visit them all and return the same day.

The prospect from Saddleback Mountain is said to be very fine, pointing down the valley of Bear River in one direction, and to the long string of Lakes on the north, as far as to Canada. We have seldom found a more pleasant ride than this. You travel by good farmers and good houses and amid a thriving and industrious population.

TRIALS OF AN EDITOR.—We had always supposed that Editors were inclined to be unnecessarily querulous, but one week's experience gives us to understand that it is a difficult and trying position. But let us see. The night after our first issue, we had a severe ill turn, and sent for the doctor, who immediately declared, that it was in consequence of reading our own *Salutatory*. We did not believe it, and shall employ another doctor the next time we are sick. The second day, we were met by one of the most interesting ladies we ever knew, who declared with a snap in her eye, that she should not allow us to say a word in the paper against the ladies. This rather dampened our ardor, but we made no reply. The third day we met an old lady who said she wanted to write for the paper;—she said she never wrote any poetry, but guessed she could try. The kind of argument necessary to meet such a case being entirely new to us, we stammered out something, and went home and to bed. The fourth day being Sunday we returned our equanimity and passed the day without any editorial annoyance. Monday, the fifth day brought to us some ordinary verses, fourteen in number, on the Death of a Child. We dislike to refuse a favor to a friend after so much effort, but ordinary verses worth publishing are very difficult to write. Our best poets rarely ever attempt it. Reading over our proof for the week on Tuesday we found that the little intrusive poem, we had thrust itself into nearly every line. We looked over our annotations to see how they managed to avoid it. We did not learn the secret. Its repetition even now

draws us out. Some persons, to the Editor unknown, trespass upon our sleep Saturday night by sending forth some of the richest music both instrumental and vocal, that we have heard for a long time. Their voices appeared to be unusually well trained, and the effect on the still air of night was delightful. There is no earthly pleasure more gratifying to us than a well executed serenade. We dare them to do the same thing over again.

We suspect the trespassers came from the vicinity of Walkers Mills, where excellent music abounds. We have no sort of objection to their being out late o' nights, at least, once a week.

COMMENCEMENT AT WATERVILLE COLLEGE.—Commencement begins Sunday, August 7. The annual exercises will be as follows: Sunday evening—sermon before the Board of Christian Missions, by Rev. John Duncanson, of Boston; Tuesday afternoon—sermon before the Baptist Educational Society, by Rev. Nathaniel Butler, of Rockland; Tuesday evening—Anniversary of the Literary Association. Oration, by Rev. O. S. Stearns, D. D., of Newton Center, Mass. Form, by William Stark, Esq., of Manchester, N. H. Wednesday—the exercises of the graduating class and conferring of Degrees; Wednesday afternoon—meeting of the Alumni; Oration by Hon. Wm. E. Worthington, of Racine, Wis.; Wednesday evening—a grand concert, by Gilmore's Brass Band, of Boston.

DEATH OF HON. RUFUS CHOATE.—On Thursday morning, 14th inst., we received the startling intelligence of the death of Hon. Rufus Choate. It occurred in Halifax, on Tuesday evening, and is attributed to a disease of the heart. Mr. Choate was born in Essex, Mass., in 1799, and was consequently in his sixtieth year. He graduated at Harvard College in 1824, and entered public life as a representative from that town, in 1828-7. He removed to Salem soon afterward, and in 1830 was elected a Senator from Essex County. In 1832 he was elected to Congress from the Essex South District, but declined a second election, and removed to Boston at the close of his Congressional term. In 1841, on the retirement of Mr. Webster from the United States Senate to take the post of Secretary of State in the cabinet of President Harrison, Mr. Choate was elected his successor, which station he occupied until 1845. In 1853, Mr. Choate succeeded Governor Clifford as the Attorney General of this Commonwealth—which was the last public office he held.—*Boston Journal.*

THE MAINE FARMER thinks we are about four miles farther north than Augusta. We think he must have figured pretty closely to make out his case. We have asked many persons supposed to be well versed in the geography of our own state, how much farther north is Bethel than Augusta, and the answer would usually be from thirty to sixty miles; when to their surprise, it was on the same parallel. So we can forgive the *Farmer*, in common with the rest of mankind, respecting us. But we have a longer town than Augusta. We are not certain but that we could wind it round Augusta and have a little left. We rode last week some 8 or 10 miles into Rumford before we got out of Bethel!

THE BRIDGES REPORTER quoting our notice respecting the boys in this village who are out late evenings asks: Is the desired information to relate to the "boys" who "sit up" at nights with their *recent hearts*, *dear*?

Not at all, brother *Lemmon*. When a young man has learned a trade and has collected a few hundred dollars, or has a good farm, or a profession, and is prepared to take care of all that falls to his lot, we regard him as one engaged in a lawful and interesting business, when he happens to be out a little later than usual. We always recognize such a one, as he goes on his business, by his quiet demeanor and thoughtful look. His neatly fitted necktie and well combed hair.

It is the boys who get behind a pile of boards to learn to smoke, or to gamble, or who are making night hideous with noise, and who, before their heads are separated from their bodies, know when they shall have to go through life with them. These are the boys we want to hand down to posterity.

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SANDWICH ISLANDS.—Honorable passengers are to May 23. The volcano of Mount Loa still continued in active eruption. The natives were preparing to leave Paganah, as the stream of lava is getting close on them. In all probability, the stream will reach the one and also destroy the upper part of Kihalo.

TWO WHOLE DAYS were spent making for the wounded after the battle of Solferino, and the dead were removed full mail in large teams, dug at the spot where they fell. Twenty thousand corpses were thus buried, and many more remained lying in the ditches and corn-fields.

SERENADE.—Some persons, to the Editor unknown, trespass upon our sleep Saturday night by sending forth some of the richest music both instrumental and vocal, that we have heard for a long time. Their voices appeared to be unusually well trained, and the effect on the still air of night was delightful. There is no earthly pleasure more gratifying to us than a well executed serenade. We dare them to do the same thing over again.

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GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for August is received, and is rich in its contents. If many of our ladies could save three dollars, and subscribe for Godey's and the Courier, it would make them better ladies still. The fashions, names, receipts and general reading are all interesting and instructive.

THE EDITOR OF THE PORTLAND TRANSCRIPT has paid Mrs. Stewards a visit. His compliments of that lady's beauty seem rather equivocal, though he thinks the "pictorial" have done her injustice. Hear what he says: While genius is a higher attribute than mere personal beauty, a lady, known or unknown to fame, is entitled to all the beauty she has.

ANASAGNICOOK MOUNTAIN.—We have taken the liberty of giving this name to the high mountain situated in the west part of this town and on the South part of Newry. It is a curious fact that the once powerful nation of the Anasagnicooks who lived on the Androscoggin river and a portion of them at the foot of this mountain, have left no place to be called after them. It is for this reason that we propose to perpetuate the euphonious name of Anasagnicook.

THE LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE, for August, is at hand. This is another of those indispensable Periodicals for the ladies. Two dollars a year taken from their wardrobe and expended in subscribing for the *Journal* would add vastly to their knowledge of a thousand things which they ought to know. The number before us is excellent.

ANNIVERSARY.—The anniversary of the Bangor Theological Seminary occurs on the 27th. J. O. Fiske, of Bath, will address the Alumni, Prof. Egbert C. Smyth, of Bowdoin College, the Rhetorical Society, and on Wednesday afternoon the Seminary Chapel will be dedicated.

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COMMENCEMENT AT TULSA, Okla., was held July 13th. The Graduates number ten, among them we notice the name of Mr. Samuel G. Hubbard, of West Milport. His subject was, *Labour a Blessing*. The *Boston Journal* says: This was a sound and practical effort in which the author ably refuted the popular and false ideas on the subject of labor, and appealed to his fellow students to elevate labor to its true position.

THE FOURTH EXHIBITION of the Maine Charitable Mechanics Association will be held in Portland commencing on Thursday Sept. 1st, 1859. All communications should be made to J. R. Milliken, Sec. of the Board of Managers. This Association never fail in what they undertake.

SUMMER TRAVEL.—The Hotel and private boarding houses in this village are filled with tourists. Many applications have been made without success for the want of room. Capt. Chapman will find it necessary to put two more stories on his house to meet all the wants of his city friends.

THE EDITOR OF THE SKOWHEGAN CLARION, has been feasting on String Beans and Tomatoes. Glad to hear it.

ATTENTION is directed to the advertisement of Mr. Dresser, to be found in another column. He has a large and well selected Stock of Goods on hand which he is selling at fair rates. Call and see him.

COOL SODA.—F. S. CHANDLER, who is always having something new, has just started a Soda Fountain, and is ready to wait on the thirsty traveller. See his advertisement in another column.

MR. A. TWITCHELL, across the way, has our thanks for some delicious *Ice Creams*. He is ready to attend to all that call on him.

DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC, should be in the hands of every Musician who is desirous of knowing the weekly issues of the best music. Published weekly in Boston at \$2.00 a year.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Dr. L. The specimen sent us is *Freibite*, a very beautiful and rare form of that mineral. We have never seen a specimen before from Oxford Co.

IN OUR NOTICE of a specimen of Iron Pyrites last week, we gave the name of Gilman S. Bennett, as the donor. It should have been David F. Bennett.

THE ATTENTION of our friends is called to the advertisement of Gould's Academy for the Fall Term in another column.

WE LEARN from the *Journal*, that it is to be neutral in politics. Its selections are excellent.

THE BANGOR WHIG AND COURIER comes to us this week in a neat new dress, and with a new heading. It is a prosperous paper and has just passed its twenty-fifth birthday.

THE ANNIVERSARY at the Maine Female Seminary at Gorham, will take place on Friday, July 29th. Examination on Thursday and Friday. Oration and Poem at 3 o'clock on Friday P. M.

AT THE SESSION of Executive Council which adjourned on Monday last, the following appointments were made:

P. B. Mills, Trustee Reform School; John L. Culler and Richard Woodhall, Trustees Insane Hospital; Geo. N. Nutt, Agent Penitentiary; Indiana; M. M. Butler, County Attorney, Cumberland County; Edward T. Little, Auburn, Judge Police Court; John Smith, Lewiston, Judge Municipal Court; J. G. Philbrook, Sedgwick; John S. Chadwick, Bangor; W. P. Harrison, Belfast; James Arkinie, Bristol; Ebenezer Wells, M. D., Fryeburg; Daniel Pierce, Kittery; Robert Thompson, Gardiner; Valerian Commission.

POWERS MILL EXPLOSION.—Portland, July 14. One of the new saw-mills at Gorham, containing 60 logs of wood, exploded yesterday. One man severely injured.

The Bethel Courier.

BETHEL, FRIDAY, JULY 22, 1859.

Dissolution of Copartnership.

The Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of *SMITH & NUTTING*, in the day directed by mutual consent. All debts due the said partnership are to be received by James Nutting, and all demands on said partnership are to be presented to him for payment.

FRANK SMITH, JAMES NUTTING.

Bethel, July 9, 1859.

LOCAL SKETCHES—No. VIII.

A most delightful ride, may be enjoyed by crossing the ferry and following down the River, to Newry Corner, and ascending Bear River, some 8 or ten miles. The river is lined with neatly cultivated intervals farms. In fact, we had not the remotest idea that there was so much good land on that river. Eleven miles from Bethel Hill brings you to Poplar Tavern, where every thing that a woman can make shoo, is kept so here. Passing on to Fanning's Mill, you are at Screw Auger Falls. Here is a channel but a few feet wide cut down through the solid rock the depth of 45 feet. It is a curious looking scene. Descend within the mill and there you see a head of water 40 feet or more, carrying a small wheel of a few inches in diameter which propels the machinery in the saw mill. Cross over to the other side of the stream on the fall and everything looks wild and romantic.

About half a mile above the mill is a singular passage-way in the river known as the *Jail*, which should be examined.

The mountain scenery on both sides and in front is among the boldest in the State. Saddleback, Goose Eye and other peaks are near by and look frowningly upon the traveller.

This is the route to Umbagog Lake. Tourists may pass by all of these in Marvill's Stage, from Bethel Hill to Errol N. H., or with a private carriage you may visit them all and return the same day.

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